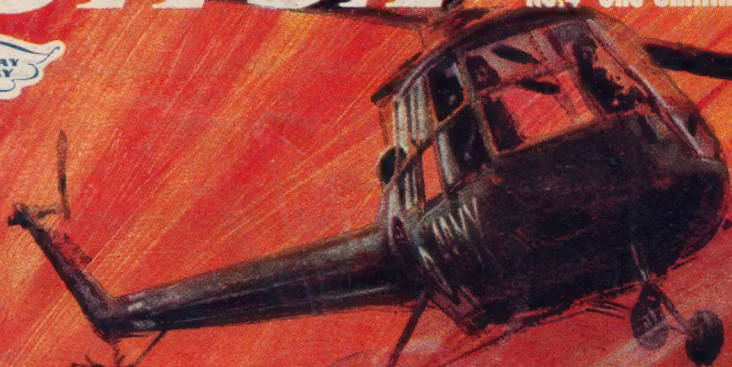


ACTION

PICTURE
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**NEW
EXPLOSIVE
ACTION!**
AN ENGLISH
CITY IS HELD
TO RANSOM!

AT GUNPOINT

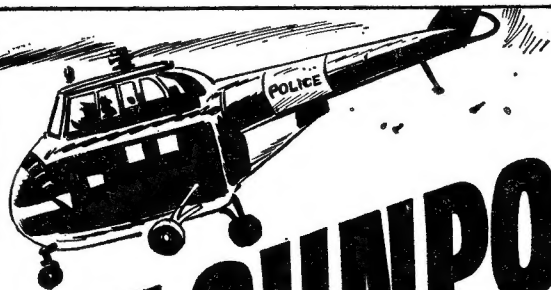
MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

PPRIVATE ADAM WAKENSHAW was a member of an anti-tank gun team helping to cover the withdrawal of an infantry brigade in the Western Desert. At the height of the action Wakenshaw's crew had just immobilised an enemy tractor gun when a German shell hit them. Only Wakenshaw, whose arm had been shot away below the elbow, and the gun-aimer survived but they managed to destroy the enemy

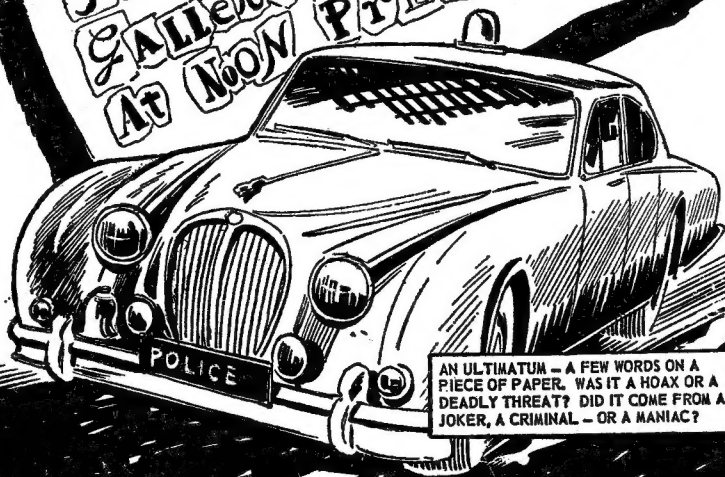


weapon. But such was the tremendous firepower from the Germans that Wakenshaw's gun-aimer was killed and he himself received further wounds. He painfully dragged himself back to the two-pounder and managed to load one more round. It was never fired—a direct hit ended his valiant effort. For his supreme heroism Wakenshaw was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.



AT GUNPOINT

Pay £10,000 by Ten o'clock
To Day OR THE ART
GALLERY Will Be DESTROYED
At Noon PRECISELY



AN ULTIMATUM - A FEW WORDS ON A
PIECE OF PAPER. WAS IT A HOAX OR A
DEADLY THREAT? DID IT COME FROM A
JOKER, A CRIMINAL - OR A MANIAC?

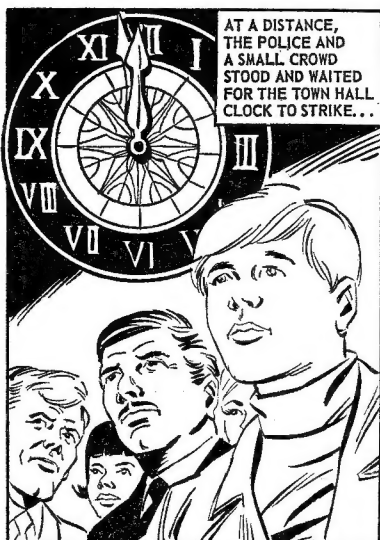
SIRENS WAILING, THE SQUAD CARS SQUEALED TO A HALT OUTSIDE LYNCHESTER'S CIVIC ART GALLERY...



DETECTIVE SERGEANT DON ELLIOTT GRINNED TO HIMSELF AS HIS SUPERIOR ISSUED THE ORDERS...



THE ART GALLERY WAS SWIFTLY CLEARED — THE SEARCH FOR A HIDDEN BOMB METICULOUSLY CARRIED OUT...





TWO MILES FROM THE CENTRE OF
LYNCHESTER, TWO MEN GRINNED
AT EACH OTHER...

ON TARGET!
GOOD SHOOTING,
BANKS!

I SAID
I COULD DROP
IT ON A TANNER,
DIDN'T I,
HAGGIS?

AYE,
'T WAS A
BONNY SHOT,
BOMBER!



HATE TO
LEAVE THE OLD
STOVE-PIPE
BEHIND LIKE A BIT
O' SCRAP-IRON,
THOUGH.

GUV'NOR'S
ORDERS,
BOMBER!



THE TWO MEN CLIMBED INTO THE TRUCK. THE MAN
WHO WAS SITTING BEHIND THE WHEEL, GUNNED
THE ENGINE.

NAE
PROFIT
IN THAT
LITTLE SHOW,
GUV'NOR!

IT WILL HAVE
ITS EFFECT, DOUGALL.
IT WILL DEMONSTRATE
THAT I MEAN WHAT I
SAY. NEXT TIME, WE
SHALL SEE...



BY MID-AFTERNOON, DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ELLIOTT WAS "ON THE CARPET"...



INSPECTOR LEE SNORTED...





HALF AN HOUR LATER DON WAS AT THE NEAREST REGULAR ARMY DEPOT.





DON NOTED THE NAMES AND THE UNITS OF THE MEN MENTIONED AND THEN RETURNED TO HIS CAR....



IT WAS INSPECTOR LEE, NEAR TO "PANIC STATIONS" ...



THE LYNCHESTER C.I.D. OFFICES WERE IN TURMOIL...



AGAIN THE ANONYMOUS LETTER WAS BLUNT IN ITS ASTOUNDING DEMANDS...





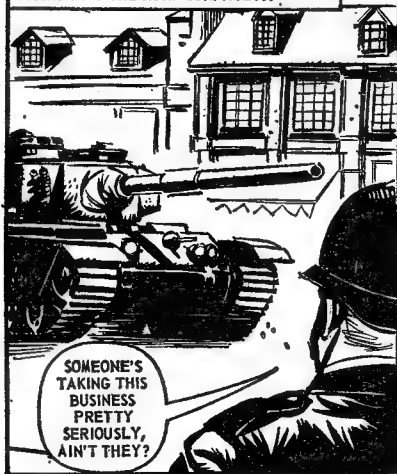
INSIDE THE BANK ITSELF, PREPARATIONS WERE IN PROGRESS...



THE HANDS OF THE TOWN'S CLOCKS SLOWLY CREPT ROUND TO NOON ONCE AGAIN. THE TENSION MOUNTED...



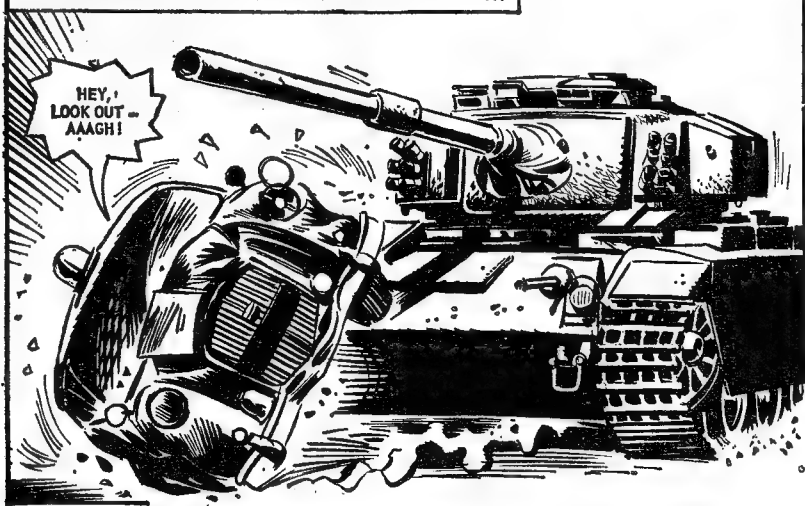
FIFTY TONS OF CENTURION TANK WHEELED AROUND THE CORNER, ITS MASSIVE TRACKS BITING INTO THE ROAD SURFACE...



STONE ME! THEY'VE SENT US REINFORCEMENTS, BERT!



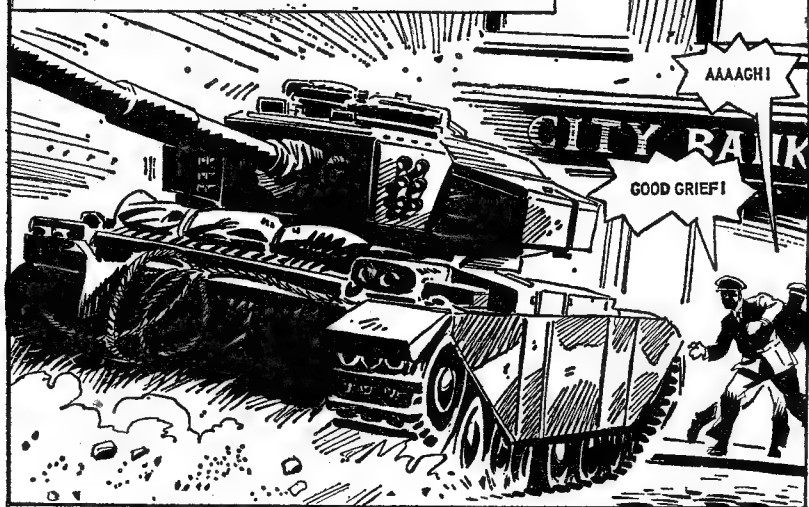
THE ARMoured GIANT THUNDERED CLOSER -- AND CLOSER -- AND...



GATHERING SPEED NOW, THE TANK POWERED ON — THE TIME WAS 12 O'CLOCK.



SUDDENLY, THE POLICEMEN WERE SENT SCATTERING FOR THEIR LIVES...



THE TANK SLAMMED INTO THE WALL OF THE BANK. BRICKS AND MORTAR COLLAPSED IN A GREAT CLOUD OF DUST...



TH--THEY'RE
HERE!

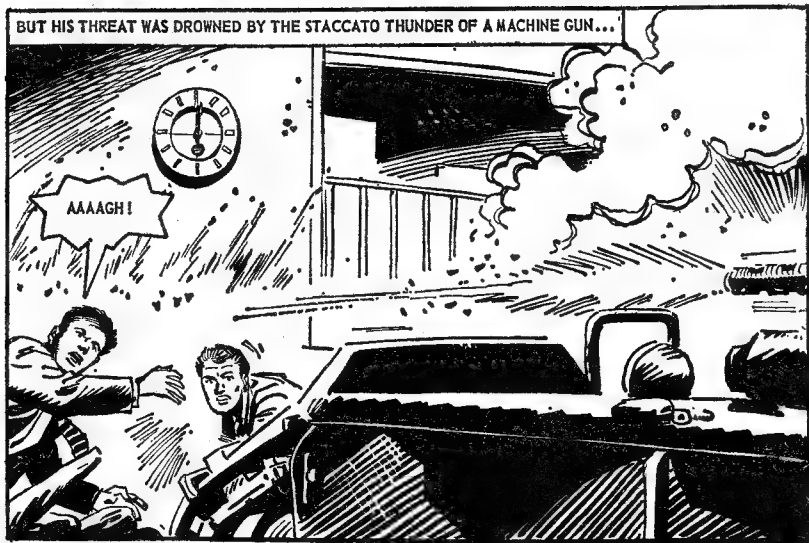
DON WAS THE FIRST TO RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK. AUTOMATIC IN HAND, HE LEAPT ON-TO THE TANK'S TURRET...



A HEAD, THE FEATURES DISTORTED BY A STOCKING MASK, CAME INTO SIGHT...



BUT HIS THREAT WAS DROWNED BY THE STACCATO THUNDER OF A MACHINE GUN...





GRITTING HIS TEETH IN FRUSTRATION, DON WAS FORCED TO CLIMB OFF THE TANK. THE MASKED MAN SHOUTED ROUGHLY...



NO-ONE WAS IN ANY MOOD TO ARGUE. THE NOTES WERE BUNDLED INTO A SACK AND HANDED OVER...



THE POWERFUL ENGINES REVVED UP, THE TURRET SLAMMED SHUT, AND THE TANK LUMBERED BACKWARDS...



OUTSIDE, THREE POLICE CARS SCREAMED FORWARD TO TRY AND BLOCK THE WAY...



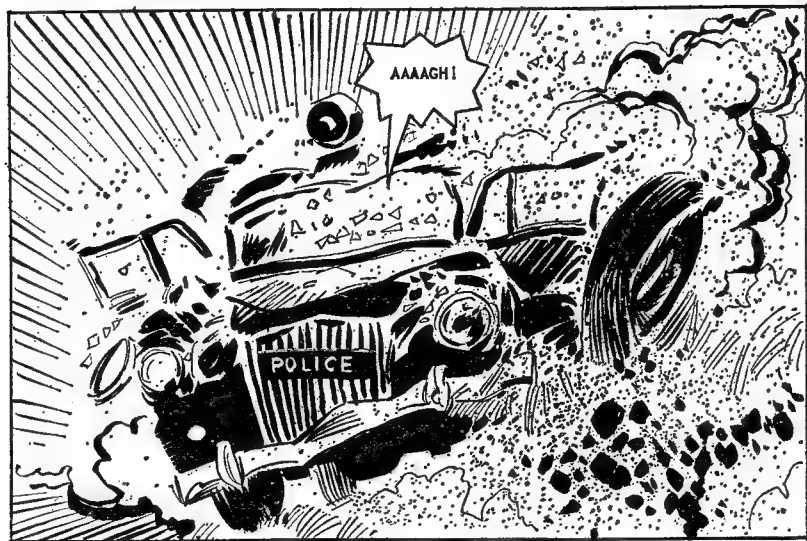
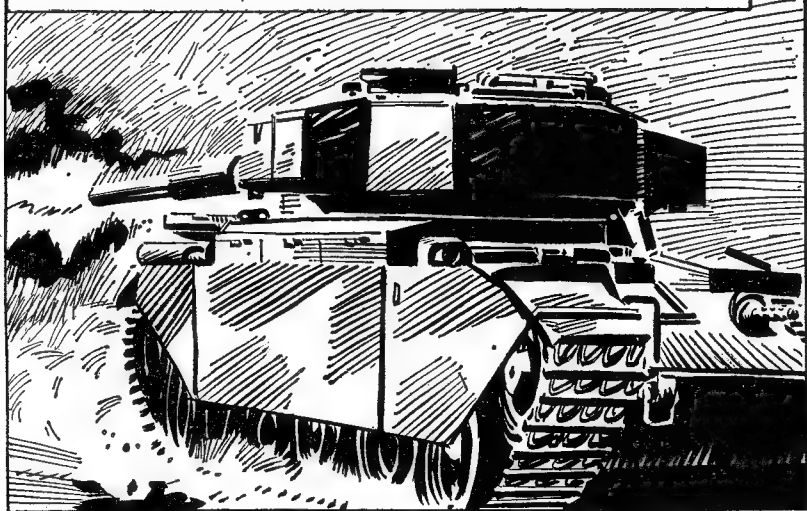
THE CENTURION NEVER FILTERED. ITS HUGE BULK LIFTED ONE CAR INTO THE AIR AND CRUSHED ANOTHER LIKE PAPER...



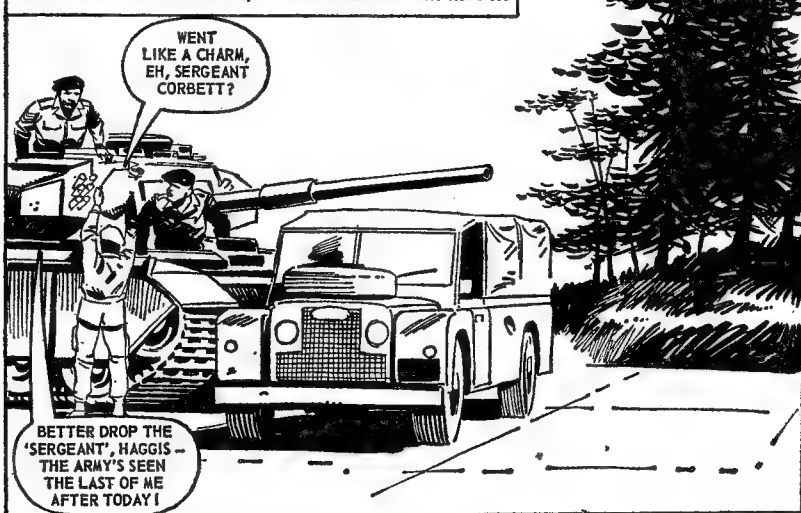
THE THIRD CAR TRIED TO TRAIL THE FAST DISAPPEARING TANK...



THREE HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, AN 88 M.M. GUN FLAMED AND A SHELL SCREAMED DOWN THE ROAD...



TEN MILES OUT OF LYNCHESTER, ON A DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD...



THE SERGEANT AND THE MAN CALLED BANKS CLIMBED FROM THE SILENT MONSTER AND GOT INTO THE LAND ROVER.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE POST, WORTEN HAD BEGUN...





ARMY SOURCES NAMED THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE TIME AS A COLONEL GARTHSIDE.



COLONEL GARTHSIDE'S PLACE OF RETIREMENT WAS A LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE...





DON'S QUESTIONING PRODUCED NOTHING NEW FROM THE PEPPERY COLONEL...



COLONEL GARTHSIDE OPENED THE DOOR...



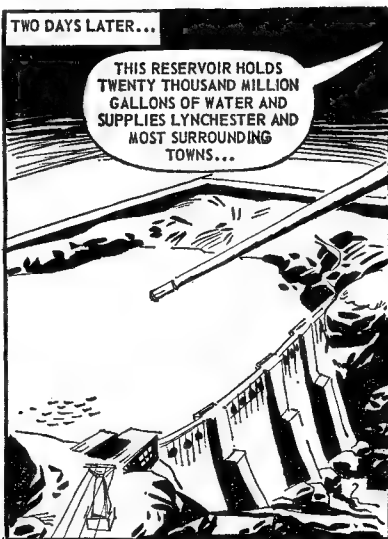
EVERY DETAIL WAS THERE - THE MAPS AND DIAGRAMS, THE EQUIPMENT...



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THERE HAD BEEN NO PROGRESS, AND INSPECTOR LEE WAS NOT PLEASED ABOUT IT.



TWO DAYS LATER...



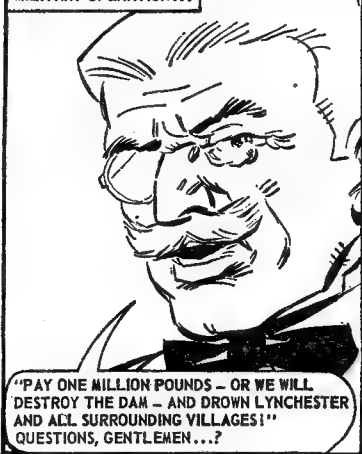
THERE WERE FOUR MEN GATHERED ABOUT THE MODEL...



COLONEL GARTHSIDE WAS OBVIOUSLY THE LEADER OF THOSE MEN...



THERE WAS NOT A TRACE OF EMOTION IN THE COLONEL'S VOICE. IT WAS JUST ANOTHER MILITARY OPERATION...



THE EX-TANK SERGEANT, CORBETT, WAS FIRST...



AND EX-PRIVATE "BOMBER" BANKS...



"HAGGIS" DOUGALL, FOR MANY YEARS THE COLONEL'S BATMAN, HAD THE LAST QUERY...

OUR LINE O' RETREAT, SIR? SEEMS TO ME WE WILL BE IN A VER' TICKLISH SPOT THE MOMENT WE RELINQUISH OUR CONTROL OF THE DAM!

CORRECT, DOUGALL! OF COURSE, WE SHALL USE THE HELICOPTER WHICH WE BOUGHT WITH THE PROCEEDS OF THE BANK OPERATION, BUT THAT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH...

THE OPERATION CAME BEFORE ALL ELSE!

TO - AH - DISTRACT THE "ENEMY'S" ATTENTION AT THE MOMENT OF OUR ESCAPE WITH THE MONEY - WE WILL BLOW UP THE DAM!



THE LYN VALLEY DAM AND RESERVOIR WAS SITUATED IN THE HILLS ABOVE THE CITY. IT WAS A QUIET AND LONELY SPOT...



TWO MEMBERS OF THE STAFF WHO CONTROLLED THE SLUICES ON THE DAM CAME FORWARD CURIOUSLY AS THE DUSTY LAND ROVER DROVE UP...



TWO FIGURES LEAPED FROM THE VEHICLE...



THE TWO MEN BY THE CONTROL BUILDING TURNED TO JUMP BACK INSIDE, BUT...



THE SUDDEN HORROR AND VIOLENCE PARALYSED THE FOURTH MAN...



CORBETT AND HAGGIS MOVED PURPOSEFULLY TOWARDS THE DOOR...



THE SHOT FROM THE SILENCED GUN HAD NOT
ALARMED THE OTHER TWO STAFF ON THE DAM...

STICK
YOUR HANDS
UP, YOU TWO!
NO TRICKS AND YOU
WON'T GET
HURT!



THE CAPTURE OF THE DAM WAS SIMPLICITY ITSELF. CORBETT
SWITCHED ON THE RADIO IN THE BACK OF THE LAND ROVER...

CALLING
FLYBOY.
OBJECTIVE
SECURED -
PHASE ONE
COMPLETED...



THE COLONEL PILOTED THE GANG'S RECENTLY-
PURCHASED HELICOPTER HIMSELF...



WITH MILITARY PRECISION, THE DEFENCE POSTS
WERE SET UP AND THE CHARGES LAID...



THE ULTIMATUM HAD FALLEN LIKE A BOMBSHELL UPON THE MEASURED CALM OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS...



THE POLICE COMMISSIONER QUICKLY DISPELLED ANY HOPES THAT THE ULTIMATUM MIGHT BE A HOAX.



THEY HAVE NOT EVEN GIVEN US TIME TO EVACUATE THE CITY! UNLESS WE ACCEDE TO THEIR DEMANDS BY MID-DAY TODAY, THE DAM WILL BE DESTROYED!



NATURALLY, THE DISCUSSION TURNED TO THE POSSIBILITY OF RE-TAKING CONTROL OF THE DAM.

WE MUST RECCE THE SITUATION OUT THERE AT ONCE, OF COURSE. I SHALL CALL IN THE ARMY, LORD MAYOR.

YES, YES – BUT, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BE CAUTIOUS! ONE WRONG MOVE AND – AND...



IN THE CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE, ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS OF THE AREA WERE PRODUCED AND STUDIED...



HERE'S THE RESERVOIR ITSELF...

WAIT A MINUTE – I'VE SEEN THIS MAP RECENTLY. NOW WHERE – I'VE GOT IT! COLONEL GARTHSIDE'S HOME – IT WAS IN HIS 'WAR ROOM.'

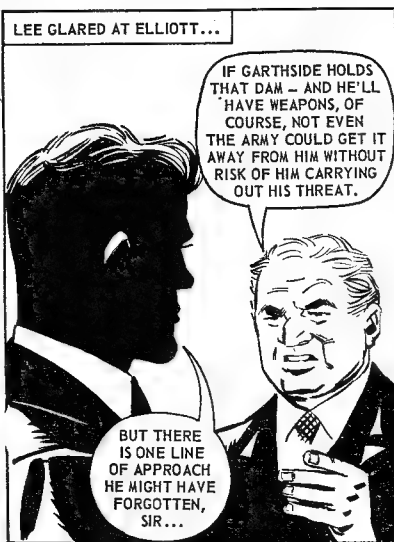
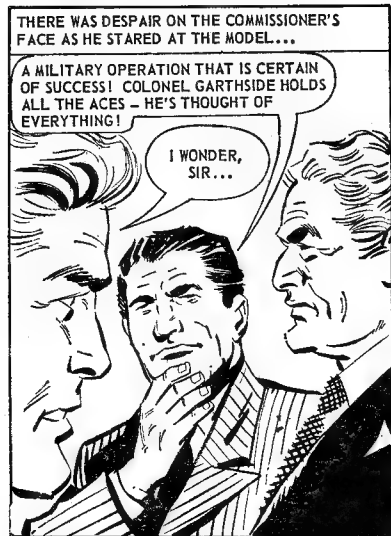
WAR ROOM – WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT, ELLIOTT?

HURRIED EXPLANATIONS - AND THEN A HIGH-SPEED DASH TO THE COLONEL'S COUNTRY HOUSE...



THERE WAS NO REPLY TO THEIR KNOCKINGS AND THEY BROKE IN.





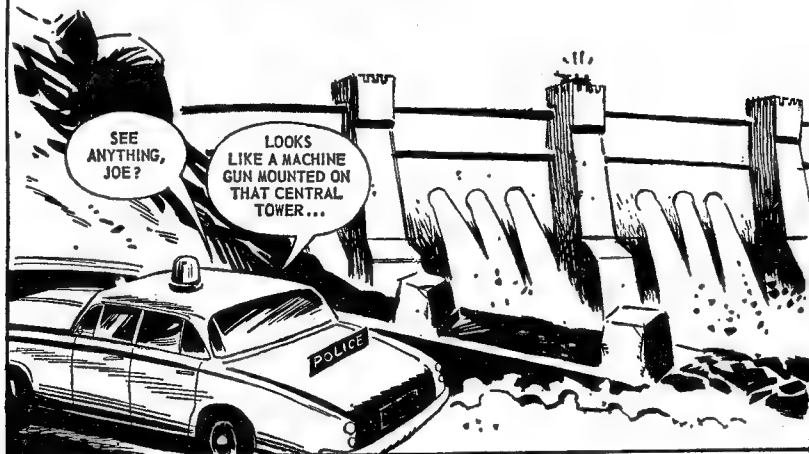
THE COMMISSIONER WAS LIKE A DROWNING MAN CLUTCHING AT STRAWS.



THE SENIOR OFFICER'S EYES LIT UP ...



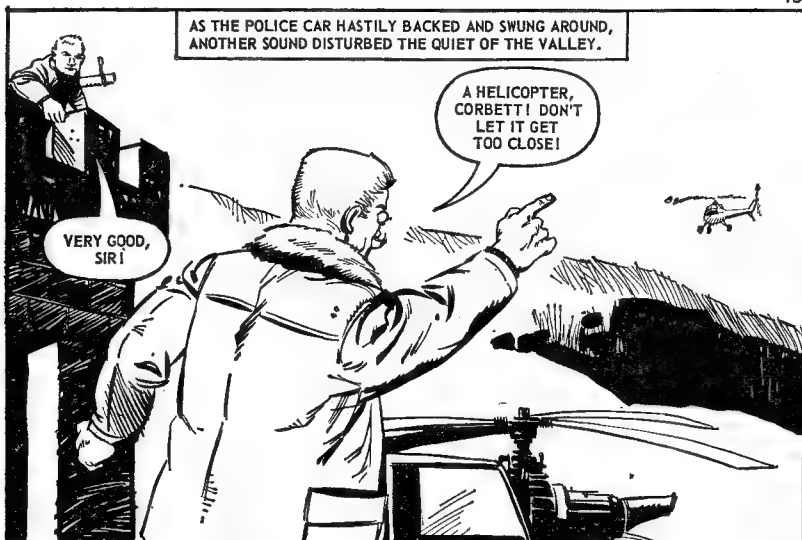
AFTER THAT, THERE WOULD BE FOUR RUTHLESS MEN TO TACKLE. A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE DAM WAS ORDERED...



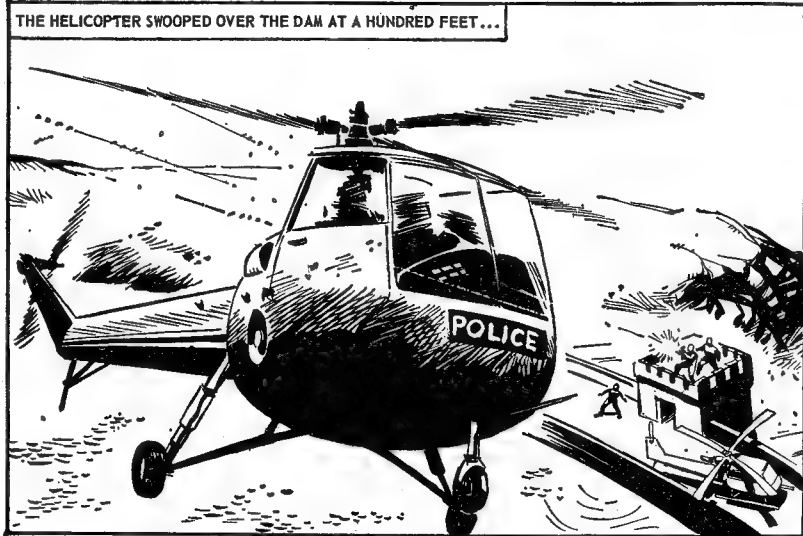
IT WAS A MACHINE GUN - AND BOMBER BANKS WAS BEHIND IT.



AS THE POLICE CAR HASTILY BACKED AND SWUNG AROUND,
ANOTHER SOUND DISTURBED THE QUIET OF THE VALLEY.



THE HELICOPTER SWOOPED OVER THE DAM AT A HUNDRED FEET ...





THE MORNING WAS WELL ADVANCED WHEN DON ELLIOTT WAS READY TO ENTER THE WATER...



THE DETECTIVE-SERGEANT SLID INTO THE STILL WATER...



GOOD LUCK, LAD! AND REMEMBER - THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS IN LYNCHESTER DEPEND ON YOU REACHING THAT CHARGE BEFORE THEY CAN EXPLODE IT!

I'M NOT LIKELY TO FORGET THAT...

THE BLACK-CLAD FIGURE SWAM DEEP...



... AND NOT A RIPPLE DISTURBED THE MIRROR-LIKE SURFACE.

MEANWHILE, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, THE LORD MAYOR OF LYNCHESTER WAS APPROACHING THE DAM...



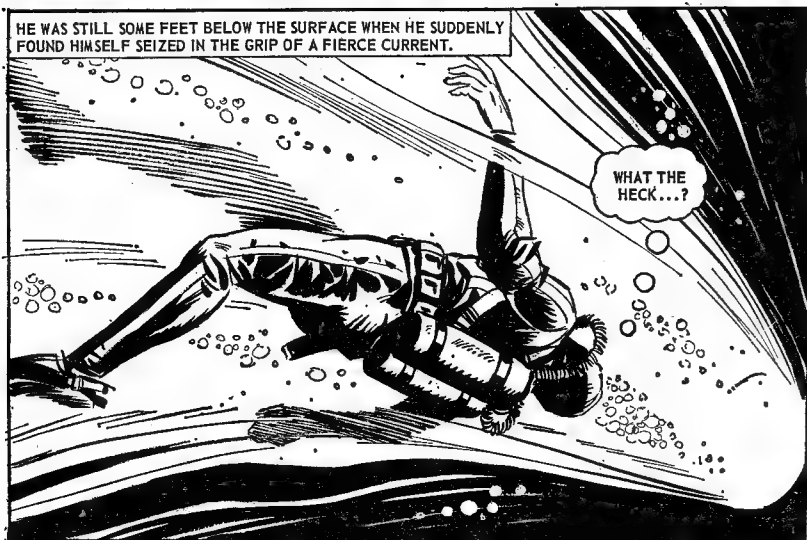
THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH, MISTER MAYOR. IF YOU'VE COME TO PLEAD WITH ME, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. WHERE IS THE MONEY?

WE AGREE TO YOUR TERMS, HANG YOU, BUT IT IS TAKING SOME TIME TO COLLECT THE MONEY. WE NEED ANOTHER HOUR, AT LEAST...

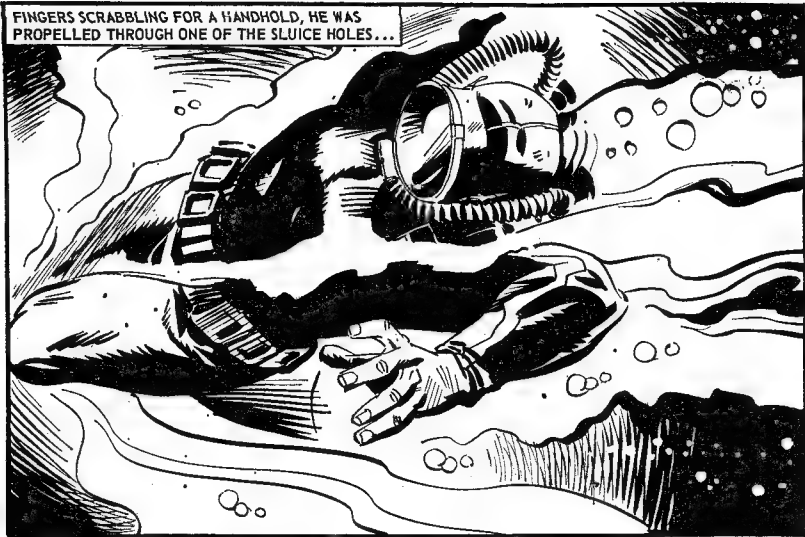
AND AS THE COLONEL GRUDGINGLY AGREED, DON ELLIOTT REACHED THE FOOT OF THE DAM.



HE WAS STILL SOME FEET BELOW THE SURFACE WHEN HE SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF SEIZED IN THE GRIP OF A FIERCE CURRENT.



FINGERS SCRABBLING FOR A HANDHOLD, HE WAS
PROPELLED THROUGH ONE OF THE SLUICE HOLES...



FROM PITCH DARKNESS, HE SHOT OUT INTO THE LIGHT – AND
AT THAT MOMENT, HIS FINGERS FOUND A PRECARIOUS GRIP...



INCHING ALONG A NARROW LEDGE, DON HEARD THE VOICES OF THE COLONEL'S MEN ONLY FEET ABOVE HIM.

THAT'S A FACT! BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THIS BUSINESS OF BLOWING THE DAM EVEN WHEN WE GET THE MONEY. DON'T SEEM RIGHT, SOMEHOW!

A MILLION QUID IN ONE THROW! THERE'S NOTHING SMALL ABOUT THE COLONEL'S SCHEMES, EH, BOMBER?

OVERHEARING THAT, DON KNEW THEN THAT WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF HIS EFFORTS, HE HAD DONE THE RIGHT THING.

I'VE GOT TO CLOBBER THESE TWO FIRST!

PAH, YOU'RE TOO SQUEAMISH, BOMBER!

BOMBER BANKS DID NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT HIM...





IT HAD ALL HAPPENED IN SECONDS
AND, BEFORE DON COULD DRAW BREATH...

GLORY BE!
COLONEL --
COLONEL --
WE'VE BEEN
RAIDED...

DOUGALL WAS DARTING TOWARDS THE TOWER ITSELF WHEN DON SHOT HIM...

COLONEL --
AGH!

THE SHOUTS HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO ALARM COLONEL GARTHSIDE AND AS DON CAME DOWN THE LADDER...



AGAIN THE COLONEL FIRED... AND THIS TIME HIT HIS TARGET...



FOR THE MOMENT, DON SCARCELY FELT THE WOUND IN HIS ARM.
HE FLUNG HIMSELF SAVAGELY AT GARTHSIDE...



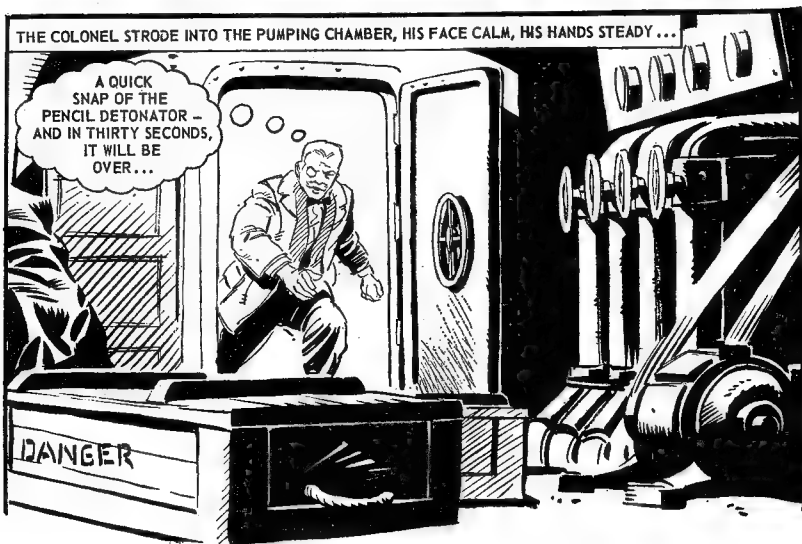
BUT THE COLONEL'S FLAILING FIST SLAMMED ON THE SPOT WHERE DON HAD BEEN WOUNDED...





DON STUMBLED TO THE WATERTIGHT DOOR THAT WAS NOW CLOSED...







IN A LITTLE WHILE, DETECTIVE-SERGEANT DON ELLIOTT CLIMBED UP TO THE TOP OF THE DAM — AND STARED ACROSS THE QUIET, CALM WATERS OF THE RESERVOIR.



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Tough...Dramatic...

ACTION

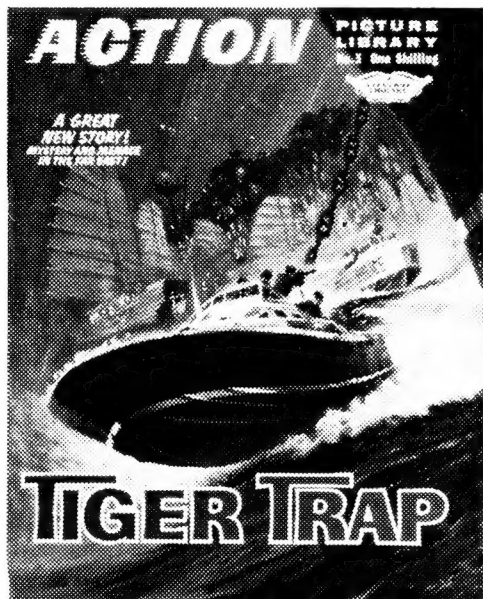
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